

Prabuddha Bharata

उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत



प्राप्य वराश्विषोधत ।

Katha Upanishad, I. iii. 4

Arise! Awake! And stop not till the Goal is reached.

—Swami Vivekananda.

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CONVERSATIONS AND DIALOGUES OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

(RECORDED BY A DISCIPLE.)

XVII.

[Place—Belur, monastery in a rented house. Year—1898.

Subjects—A Sanskrit composition by Swamiji—infusion of new life in thought and language on Sri Ramakrishna's advent.—How to infuse vitality in language.—Fear to be abjured.—All weakness and sin proceed from fear—to be even-balanced in all conditions.—The benefit of the study of Scriptures.—Swamiji's study of the eight chapters of Panini.—On the dawn of knowledge nothing is considered as mysterious.]

The Math is still situated in Nilambar Babu's garden-house at Belur. Now it is towards the end of the Bengali month of *agrahayan*. Swamiji is now much engaged in the study and discussion of Sanskrit Scriptures. The couplets beginning with "achandala-pratihataraya," he composed about this time. To-day Swamiji composed the stanzas "Om hrim ritam" and making it over to disciple said, "See if there is any fault of metre in these stanzas." The disciple signifying assent took a copy of the poem.

On the day Swamiji composed the invocatory hymn, it seemed as if the Goddess of learning has manifested Herself on his tongue. With the disciple he

talked for about two hours at a stretch fluently in melodious Sanskrit. Such a melodious manipulation of words the disciple has not heard from the lips even of great Pundits.

However, on the disciple's copying the hymn, Swamiji said "You see, as I write while immersed in thought, grammatical slips sometimes occur; therefore I ask you to look it up."

Disciple.— Sir, those are not slips, but the licence of genius.

Swamiji.— You say that; but why will other people assent to that? The other day I wrote an essay on "what is Hinduism"; some of you are already complaining that it is written in very stiff Bengali.

I think like all things language and thought become lifeless and monotonous in course of time. I think it has happened so in this country. On the advent of Sri Ramakrishna a new current has set in thought and language. Everything has now to be recast in new moulds. Everything has to be propagated with the stamp of new genius. Look for example how the old modes of Sannyasins are breaking and forming into a new mould which is gradually taking shape. Society is protesting much against it—but is it of any avail? Neither are we receiving any fright. The Sannyasins of the present day have to go to distant countries for preaching—if they go in ash-besmeared half-nude body dressed like the Sadhus of old, in the first place, they won't be taken on board ships; and even if they anyhow reach foreign countries in that dress they will have to stay in jail. Everything requires to be changed a little according to place, time and civilisation. Henceforth I am thinking of writing essays in Bengali. Litterateurs will perhaps rail at that. Never mind—I shall try to cast the Bengali language in a new mould. Now-a-days, Bengali writers use too much verbs in their writings; this takes away from the force of the language. If one can express the ideas of verbs with adjectives, it adds to the force of the language,—henceforth try to write in that style. Try to write essays in that style in the "Udbodhan." Do you know the meaning of the use of verbs in language? It gives a pause to the thought; therefore the use of very many verbs in language is a sign of weakness like quick breathing, and indicates that there is not much vitality in the language; that is why one cannot lecture well in the Bengali language. He who has control over his language, does

not create an abrupt break in his thoughts. As your physical bodies have been rendered languid by living on a dietary of soft boiled rice and *däl*, similarly is the case with your language. In food, in your movements, in thought and language, energy has to be infused. With the infusion of vitality all round, the circulation of strong blood in all the veins, one should feel the throbbing of new life in everything—then only will the people be able to survive the terrible struggle for existence; otherwise the country and the race will vanish in the enveloping shadows of death.

Disciple.— Sir, the constitution of the people of this country has been moulded in a certain way through long years. Is it possible to change that within a short time?

Swamiji.— If you have known the old ways to be wrong, then why do not you, as I say, learn to live in a better way? By your example ten other people will follow suit, and by their's another 50 people will learn—and by this process in course of time the new idea will awaken in the hearts of the whole race. But even if after understanding, you do not act accordingly, I shall know that you are wise in words only—but practically you are fools.

Disciple.— By your words, Sir, one feels the accession of great courage and becomes full of enthusiasm, energy and strength.

Swamiji.— By and by, the heart has to be strengthened. If one man is made, it equals the result of a thousand lectures. Making the mind and the mouth one, the ideas have to be practicalised in life. This is what Sri Ramakrishna meant by "no theft in the chamber of thought." You have to be practical all round (i. e. manifest your professions and ideas in tangible work). The whole country has

been ruined by masses of theories. He who is the true son of Sri Ramakrishna, he will manifest the practical side of religious ideas and will set to work with one-pointed devotion without paying heed to the prattling of men and of the world. Haven't you heard of the couplet of Tulsi das: "The elephant walks the market-place and a thousand curs bark after him, the Sadhus have no ill-feeling if worldly people slander them."

You have to walk in this way. No count to be laid upon the words of people. If one has to pay heed to their praise or blame, no great work can be accomplished in this life, "The Atman is not to be gained by the weak." If there is no strength in body and mind, the Atman cannot be realised. First you have to build the body by good nutritious food—then only will the mind be strong. The mind is but the subtle part of the body. You must retain great strength in your mind and words. "I am low," "I am low," repeating these ideas in the mind man belittles and degrades himself—therefore the Shastras say, "He who thinks himself free, free he becomes; he who thinks himself bound, bound he remains—this popular saying is true, as one thinks, such a destiny he realises." He who is always awake to the idea of freedom he becomes free; he who thinks I am bound, know that life after life he endures in the state of bondage. This truth holds good both in spiritual and temporal matters. In this life those who are down-hearted and dispirited, no work is done by them; from life to life they come and go wailing and moaning. "The earth is enjoyed by heroes"—heroic souls only enjoy the earth—this is the unfailing truth. Be a hero, always say—"I have no fear." Tell this to every body "Have no fear"—fear is

death—fear is sin—fear is hell—fear unrighteousness—fear is wrong life; whatever there is of negative thoughts and ideas in this world, know all to have proceeded from this Evil Spirit of Fear. This fear constitutes the sun-ness of Sun, the air-ness of Air, the death-ness of Death, which has kept everything in its own place, imprisoned in its narrow circle, allowing none to escape from its bounds. Therefore the Sruti says "Through fear of this, the fire burns, the sun heats, through fear Indra and Vayu are carrying on their functions, and Death stalks this Earth." When the gods Indra, Chandra, Vayu, Varun will attain to fearlessness, then will they be one with the Brahman, and all the phantasm of the world vanishes. Therefore I say, "Be fearless," "Be fearless."

Swamiji in saying these words, the corners of his expanded lotus-eyes appeared flushed with emotion with the crimson hue of the early morning sun, and he appeared to the eyes of the disciple like the very embodiment of "fearlessness" sitting in flesh and blood before him; looking at that figure of fearlessness, the disciple began to think within himself, "how wonderful, sitting by this Great Soul and listening to his profound and powerful talk even the fear of death leaves one and vanishes into nothingness."

Swamiji again began to say, "In this embodied existence, you will be tossed on the waves of much happiness and misery, prosperity and adversity—but know them all to be of temporary duration. Never think them to be consequential at all. "I am the birthless, the deathless Atman, whose nature is Intelligence"—implanting this idea firmly in your heart, you should pass the days of life. "I have no birth, no death, I am the Atman untouched by anything"—lose yourself completely in this idea. If

you can once be one with this idea, then in the hour of sorrow and tribulation, it will rise of itself in your mind, and you will not have to strive with difficulty to bring it up. The other day, I was a guest at the house of Priyanath Mukherjee at Baidyanath. There I had such a spell of hard breathing that I felt like dying. But from within with every breath arose the deep-toned sound, "I am He," "I am He." Resting on the pillow, I was waiting for the escape of the vital breath but observing—from within was being heard only the sound of "I am He," "I am He"—only hearing "The Brahman, the One without a second, alone exists nothing manifold here exists besides It." The disciple struck with amazement, said, "Sir, talking with you and listening to your realisations, I feel no necessity for the study of Scriptures.

Swamiji.— No! Scriptures have to be studied also. For the attainment of *jnana*, study of scriptures is essentially necessary. I shall open scripture-classes in the Math very soon. The Vedas, Upanishad, the Gita and Bhagbhat should be studied in the classes and I shall teach the Panini Ashtadhayayi.

Disciple.— Have you studied the Ashtadhayayi (of eight chapters) of Panini?

Swamiji.— When I was in Jeypore, I met a great grammarian and felt a great desire to study the Sanskrit grammar with him. Although he was a great scholar in Sanskrit grammar, he had not much aptitude and power of teaching. He explained to me the commentary on the first aphorism of grammar for three days continuously, still I could not grasp a little of it. On the fourth day the teacher got annoyed and said, "Swamiji, I could not make you understand the meaning of the first aphorism even after teaching you for three days; I

fear, you will not much benefit by my teaching." Hearing these words a great self-reproach came over me. Putting sleep and food aside—I set myself to study the commentary by my own independent efforts. Within three hours' study the sense of the commentary stood explained before me as clearly as an Amalaki fruit on the palm of one's hand; then going to my teacher I explained before him by word of mouth the sense of the whole commentary. My teacher hearing, said— "What I could not explain to you by three days exposition, how could you gather the sense so excellently within three hours." After that, every day I began to read from chapter to chapter, like the running waters of the flow-tide. By concentration of mind everything can be accomplished—even the mountains can be crumbled to fragments.

Disciple.— Sir, everything is wonderful with you.

Swamiji.— There is nothing wonderful in this universe. Ignorance constitutes the only darkness, which covers everything and makes them look mysterious. When everything is lighted by the light of Knowledge the sense of mystery vanishes from the face of things. Even such an inscrutable thing as the cosmic Maya which brings the most impossible things to pass, disappears. Knowing Whom, everything else is known, know Him, think of Him—and when that Atman is realised the purport of all scriptures will be perceived as clearly as a fruit on the palm of one's hand. The Rishis of old attained realisation and shall we fail? We are also men. What has happened once in the life of one individual, that must by endeavour be realised in the life of another. History repeats itself—what has happened once must happen again. This

Atman is the same in all, there is only difference of manifestation in different individuals. Try to manifest this Atman and you will see your intellect penetrating into all subjects. The intellect of one who has not realised the Atman is one-sided, whereas the genius of the knower of the Atman is all-devouring and versa-

tile. With the manifestation of the Atman you will find that everything, science, philosophy will be easily mastered. Proclaim the glory of the Atman with the deep-toned voice of a lion's roar, and imparting fearlessness unto all beings say—“Arise, awake and stop not till the goal is reached.”

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE linking up of the whole world and the consequent growth of a consciousness of solidarity among groups of human beings has added some new problems to our age. The well-being of the individual is now bound up with the human group of which he is a part in a much more vital way that it has been before in any previous age and we naturally find a mutation of idea which has changed our perspective. In the West, this changed angle of vision has discredited a life of mere monkish seclusion and striving for personal salvation, which was the ideal of the Middle Ages in Europe and has put a premium on all endeavours which include the uplift and advancement of the group to which he belongs. At present this group is delimited by the concept of *nation* with its community of ties and interests, its common love and hate, and few have learnt at the present state of human evolution to make the concept of humanity, the central conception informing his activities.

This mutation of moral sentiment which, by evolving the concept of nation has given us the human group to work, live and die for, has given birth to both good and bad results,—good in so far as it has

provided a motive-power for working for wider ends than that of personal gain or the welfare of the family, bad in so far as it has pent individuals within limited folds and has bred as much hatred for persons outside the fold as love for those within.

But the outstanding fact remains when we compare the social standards say of the thirteenth century in Europe, when refuge in a life of monkish retirement and work for the personal salvation was a laudable ideal, with the idols of the market-place in the twentieth century, that working for the social well-being, or helping a hand in the world's welfare, forms an essential element of all consecrated ideals. This attitude conceals a danger, viz. that it makes this world the end and aim of our exertions and confines human outlook within the horizon of this life; it is an evangel of Hope in that it furnishes an incentive to the broadening out of the individual and tuning his interests to a higher pitch.

In consonance with this changed outlook we have been considering, we find also the birth of a new type of religious consciousness on the soil of India. It is not absolutely new, but the resuscitation

of the old applied to the wider needs of the present day. *Karma-yoga*, or the union to Truth by work is a method long consecrated in the Hindu scriptures as a special mode of realising the Truth, and counts among its adherents a long line of followers and exponents. But the principles guiding it, the outlook on which it is based, the *denouement* to which it tends, is different by far from the humanitarian idealism or work for the welfare of the world as understood in the West. It aims at the realisation not of a common nationhood, nay not even of a common humanity, or universal brotherhood but at the perception of universal self-hood, or immanent *Brahmanness* of all that exists. It is essentially a religious impulse because its adaptation is not to the temporal order of things, but to the larger horizon of the Spirit; not that the two conflict and are exclusive of each other, but the temporal is subordinated to the spiritual, the worldly embraced in the higher synthesis of the spiritual. *Karma-yoga* takes all the forms of worldly activities and duties, but chastened by its wider out-look they are turned to quite different issues; instead of piling ignorance and delusion on us, and keeping us confined to the wheel of birth and death, they are used as means to break our bondages and set ourselves free. All work is used as worship, every object looked upon as a symbol of Brahman, to realise the underlying oneness, which is the goal of knowledge.

"If I am the Brahman, then my soul is a temple of the Highest, and my every motion should be a worship." If the One and the Many are the same reality, every movement, every manifestation is a worship, every object is God. What is sacred

and what is profane? Nought else exists but He!—that is why man instinctively worships everything. But does this not lead to a confusion of what is ethically good and bad? No, the vision will change and bad will be automatically inhibited; the vision of purity will not beget unholiness, worship will not produce evil.

What is meant by work as worship, how will it transform us? If work is regarded as worship, then will it be perfect, it will rouse the best of our faculties and concentrate them on the work. There should be nothing slipshod, nothing perfunctory about it, for, for the time being, it is our highest ideal made manifest, our whole soul gone into it, nay we are one with it. It will be one continuous meditation, and anything which will indicate that our attention has flagged or our concentration wavered will constitute a desecration of the worship. As has been truly said: "As in meditation the whole mind is concentrated, so in work the whole man is concentrated and the concentrated force expresses itself not only through the mind but his very hands and feet and all the faculties of mind and heart."

Again if work is worship, or to express it in terms of phenomena, if every movement is a manifestation of the One Power or *Shakti* behind; there is no greatness or smallness in the diverse manifestations of the same *Shakti*. Every detail, every minutia would receive as much attention as any other, and everything would be steeped in the light of the spirit. We should turn from no work however humble, and every detail would receive infinite significance and meaning, by its connexion with the *Shakti* behind. True performance of work is the truest worship of

Shakti, of Mother. And as Mother manifests herself equally in Her Blissful and Terrible aspects, it is in unpleasant, toughest work that She is specially lurking and there should we fling ourselves and embrace it with high-hearted enthusiasm. For only by embracing the most difficult and toughest work which by its rude shocks, pounds all the mortal elements of our being, rouses the depths of our being, we come face to face with our own Infinite Nature.

We dispose ourselves to continuous meditation and seek to turn away from work, as a hindrance, as a dead-weight which draws us down from the sphere of continuous and resplendent meditation on the Spirit, which the mind hankers after. But it is very often the surface of a shallow consciousness which refuses to be stirred out of inertia that so disposes itself, and in the name of meditation skims on the surface of a shallow concentration. But by work, by strenuous and arduous work, deeper levels of being and concentration will be brought out, and then it will be easy "to fill ourselves in the depths

of our being with the quietness of peace and spiritual meditation and yet to impell every member and pulsation of the body with the spirit of work." The less demand we make on our powers of concentration, the less exertion does it put forth, and we succeed in bringing out and manifesting but a small portion of the light of spirit. Salvation consists in stirring the depths of existence, rousing the whole man, manifesting the utmost of Intelligence, awareness and concentration and giving one the control over them. By the whole-hearted, arduous performance of whatever work falls to our lot, we worship the Great Power whose manifestations all modes of work embody; the Mother, the great repository of all power in the universe, becomes pleased, takes off our bondages and limitations, makes us one with the cosmic energy which She is, and which now flows abundantly through our lives. Tamas and Rajas stand controlled and we dwell on the serene heights of the Sattva, everything becoming filled with intelligence which emanates through every pore of the universe, and dead matter is triumphed over.

KANTISM AND VEDANTA.

THE system of Kant's philosophy shows the greatness and the limitation of systems based on the unaided strength of intellect only. It is wonderful as a dialectic, as a laying bare of the fundamental traits of our intellectual operations, of the limitations they work under, of the conditions imposed on our acquirement of knowledge. But it is not constructive and creative; it does not show us the source and ultimate spring of the facts of our intellectual and moral life. The "syn-

thetical unity of apperception," the cement which binds together the manifold concrete of our sense perceptions, Kant discovers in the consciousness, in the "I think."

The "I think" which accompanies all states of consciousness is not a statical unity but dynamic unity; for it is always associated with a particular state of consciousness and moves from one to another; we never know by the intellect of a generic unity of consciousness, of the base

of consciousness standing apart from its particular states and giving unity to all; it is as much beyond intellect, as the thing-in-itself is beyond the formal conditions of time and space. In consciousness we never discover the real underlying back-ground of unity, the unchangeable and unqualified unity, which alone is the static unity imparting the unity to consciousness. Consciousness is far too moving a thing to form the real synthetical principle. It owes its synthesising power to a deeper level of its being, in a more unmodified and unchanging state of its existence. The enquiry into this is by the very conditions of Kantian philosophy, by the limitations of its *organon* put out of court. The final ground of unification of the elements of sense-perception, Kant discovers in consciousness, the utmost limit to which intellect can go. But he cannot push his enquiries beyond consciousness, as otherwise the intellect will collapse in a hopeless wreckage. Therefore Kant's analysis is true in so far as the unifying principle which presupposes all our knowledge is a spontaneous act of the Ego, and not derived from sensibility, but a heritage of human thought, it is prevented by the conditions of its *organon* from tracing this unity to its real source and habitation. It has scent of what in Vedanta is said to be the *Buddhi*, or the intelligence or will which connects all the elements of sense-perception in consciousness; and fashions concepts or propositions out of them, but it has no idea of the बुद्धे परत्त्वे सः—of the One who is beyond Buddhi who gives to consciousness even the power of unifying the particulars by a synthetic act.

Again, of the facts of our moral life, Kant does not show the fountain-head from which our moral-consciousness flows, the light which lights his "categorical im-

perative." He no doubt ascribes primacy to moral conscience and freedom to the Will in the field of action and asks us to so comport ourselves in the world of action as if we are free, as if it were proved that we were moral. For the freedom of the Will or the primacy of the moral conscience, (i. e. the unconditioned command of the ideal will which claims unqualified and willing obedience from the natural will) cannot be brought within the domain of intellectual demonstration. It is true that the freedom to action, and the unconditioned "ought" of the categorical imperative cannot be accounted for by the facts of intellectual and phenomenal life where everything is bound by cause and effect, where our sensuous nature thwarts and misleads our moral will. What is the ground for believing that the phenomenal and sensuous universe is governed by the principles of moral law? Yet according to Kant the freedom of action, the sense of morality is a fundamental fact of our practical life. So he explains them as incursions into the field of consciousness from a supersensible, an intelligible, ideal world, whose nature cannot be apprehended by the human intellect, of which world also man is a citizen, where freedom and reason reigns. Therefore he asks us to assume this freedom and supremacy of moral laws and to act in the world as if we were free, as if we were endowed with primal moral consciousness. Again, from a mere moral consciousness, one cannot descend into the particular maxims of conduct, as it is a mere "a priori" judgment of a formal character, the sense of morality, which does not light the working out of the moral consciousness in the world of phenomena.

Here again, the human intellect on

which Kant relied alone as his *organon* of philosophical enquiry failed to give him a clear idea of the Uncaused, Free Substance, which when caught into the forms of thought gives our phenomenal world of determinism and from which source also flows the consciousness of the freedom of will and the supreme authority of the moral conscience over the natural will.

There is one part of the philosophy of Kant where he peers through the bars of intellect and catches glimpses of the world beyond; his intellect hints at the existence of, but cannot reach, the Infinite beyond the finite, the Universal beyond the individual the Total beyond the particular. The intellect explains and takes them for their worth but cannot reach them. These form the subject of enquiry of his Transcendental Dialectic. These give rise to the three 'Ideas,' the 'Ideas' of World, the Soul, the God. The reasoning by which he explains them is as follows: A material world which is the cause of sensation; a substance of which all mental acts are phases is impossible to get at, for then we have to step out of consciousness and rise above the conditions of our knowledge, viz- time and space and the forms of understanding. But *pure reasoning* always tries to push forward beyond a single synthesis or group of synthesis. It always tends to go beyond any generalisations, however far it may, and unsatisfied by the largest generalisation extends the generalisation of the intellect to the utmost, till it almost bursts the bounds of the intellect and arrives at the supreme generalisations of God, Soul and Cosmos. These are the only generalisation in Kant's system, these *Ideas* which are devoid of sense-content, which are devoid of sensibility, which are pure ideas, all other ideas have a

content of *matter* regulated by the forms of thought. The function of these ideas are only regulative, they do not exist as substance, for they cannot be known by intellect. The operations of sensibility and intellect point to them as the inevitable convergence of their lines of action, as their supreme norms and highest syntheses.

But no generalisation of ideas with sense-content will give rise to the Ideas, which are devoid of the content of sensibility, these ideas of the soul, absolute and God; for the intellect according to Kant works only on the matter of sensations, and no sense-instrument will produce supersensible ideas; here it must be a case of Mahomet going to the mountain and no nay. So in order to realise these supersensible ideas, we must leave behind the dowry of the intellect, its space and time and the forms of the understanding and discover another *organon* by which to come face to face with them. For as Kant says these realities cannot be brought within intellectual demonstration, for they are not within the competence of human intellect.

The great achievement of Kant's system is in thoroughly weighing the contents of the human intellect, in ascribing the true place to it in the play of human faculties, in prescribing the limits to its operations. So that we know exactly how far the intellect can go with us in our search of ultimate principles and we are warned not to expect impossibilities from it, and to make it perform feats which will only kill it in the attempt. That such questions as Freedom, Immortality, God, the Absolute, are impossible to solve by means of the intellect is true, but relying on intellect as the only weapon of philosophical enquiry, he left such great questions

outside the pale of human enquiry. But the intellectual world of Kant 'suspended in the mid-air' is surrounded by other worlds, "the ideal and intelligible," which furnishes the freedom to the practical will, and the supremacy of the moral consciousness. The Finite swims in the infinite, the individual in the universal, the caused and bound in the uncaused and free—although the latter are unknown,—this is the impression which the philosophy of Kant gives. These worlds are distrusted because they are not amenable to the human intellect. The Vedanta carries the philosophy of Kant further and appreciating the incompetence of the intellect, to explore the unknown, discovers another *organon*, which casting aside the limitations of intellect comes face to face

with the unknown. This is this introspective and the intuitive method of the Vedanta, the *dhárana*, *dhyana*, *samadhi*, the *samyama* of the Yoga-philosophers, by which space and time are thought away and transcended, the forms of understanding, the *vrittis* of *chitta*, are suppressed, and the unknown is made more than the known. It finds the unknown behind the mind and behind the senses as one and the same; and this when caught within the meshes of space, time and causation forms our world of intellect. The dialectic of Kantianism has to be supplemented by the *sádhana* of Vedanta, in order to give us a complete system of philosophy, both critical and constructive, scientific and spiritual at once.

EPISTLES OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

(*Translated from Bengali.*)

CXL.

1895.

Dear—

* * * I am quite in agreement with what S— is doing, but it is not necessary to preach that Ramakrishna Paramahamsa was an Incarnation, and things of that sort. He came to do good to the world, not to trumpet his own name,—you must always remember this. Disciples pay their whole attention to the preservation of their master's name, and throw overboard his teachings and sectarianism etc. are its result. A— writes of C—, but I do not recollect him. Write all about him and convey him my thanks. Write in detail about all, I have no time to spare for idle gossip. * * Try to give up ceremonials. They are not meant for Sannyasins,

and one must work only so long as he does not attain to illumination. * * I have nothing to do with sectarianism, or party-forming and playing the frog-in-the-well, whatever else I may do. * * It is impossible to preach the catholic ideas of Ramakrishna Paramahamsa and form sects at the same time. * * Only one kind of work I understand, and that is doing good to others, all else is doing evil. I therefore prostrate myself before the Lord Buddha. * * I am a Vedantist, Sachchidananda—Existence, Knowledge, Bliss Absolute—is my God, I scarcely find any other God than the majestic form of my own Self. By the word 'Incarnations' are meant those who have attained that Brahmanhood, in other words, the Jivan-muktas—those who have realised this Freedom in this very life. I do not find any speciality in

Incarnations: All beings from Brahman down to a clump of grass will attain to liberation-in-life in course of time, and our duty lies in helping all to reach that state. This help is called religion—the rest is irreligion. This help is work, the rest is evil-doing—I see nothing else. Other kinds of work, for example, the Vaidika or the Tantrika, may produce results—but resorting to them is simply waste of life—for that purity which is the goal of work is realisable only through doing good to others. Through works such as sacrifices etc., one may get enjoyments, but it is impossible to have the purity of soul. * * * Everything exists already in the Self of all beings. He who asserts he is free, shall be free. He who says he is bound, bound he shall remain. To me, the thought of oneself as low and humble is a sin and ignorance. नायमात्मा बलहीनेन जन्मयः—This Atman is not to be attained by one who is weak, अस्ति ब्रह्म वदसि चेदस्ति भविष्यति नास्ति ब्रह्म वदसि चेनास्त्येव भविष्यति—If you say Brahman is, existence will be the result, but if you say Brahman is not, non-existent It shall verily become. He who always thinks of himself as weak will never become strong, but he who knows himself to be a lion, "rushes out from the world's meshes, as a lion from its cage"—"निर्गच्छति जगज्जालात् पिंजरादिवकेशारी"! Another point, it was no new truths that Ramakrishna Paramahamsa came to preach, though his advent brought the old truths to light. In other words, he was the embodiment of all the past religious thought of India. His life alone made me understand what the Shastras really meant, and the whole plan and scope of the old Shastras.

Missionaries and others could not do much against me in this country. Through the Lord's grace the people here like me greatly and are not to be tricked by the opinions of any particular class. They appreciate my ideas in a manner my own countrymen cannot do, and are not selfish. I mean, when

it comes to practical work, they would give up jealousy and all those ideas of self-sufficiency. Then all of them agree and act under the direction of a capable man. That is what makes them so great. But then they are a nation of Mammon-worshippers. Money comes before everything. People of our country are very liberal in pecuniary matters, but not so much these people. Every home has a miser. It is almost a religion here. But they fall into the clutches of the priests when they do something bad, and they buy their passage to heaven with money. These things are the same in every country, —priestcraft. I can say nothing as to whether I shall go back to India and when. There also I shall have to lead a wandering life as I do here, but here thousands of people listen to and understand my lectures, and these thousands are benefited. But can you say the same thing about India? * * * I am perfectly at one with what S— is doing. A thousand thanks to him. * * * In Madras and Bombay I have lots of men who are after my heart. They are learned and understand everything. Moreover, they are kind-hearted and can therefore appreciate the philanthropic spirit. * * * I have printed neither books nor anything of the kind, I simply go on lecturing tours. * * * When I take a retrospective view of my past life, I feel no remorse. From country to country I have travelled teaching something, however small, to people, and in exchange for that have partaken of their slices of bread. If I had found I had done no work, but simply supported myself by imposing upon people, I would have committed suicide to-day. Why do those who think themselves unfit to teach their fellow-beings, wear the teacher's garb and earn their bread by cheating them? Is not that a deadly sin? * * *

Yours etc.

Vivekananda.

CXLI.

54 W. 33 St., New York,
9th February, 1895.

Dear—

* * * Paramahansa Deva was my Guru, and whatever I may think of him in point of greatness, why should the world think after me? And if you press the point hard, you will spoil everything. The idea of worshipping the Guru as God is nowhere to be met with outside Bengal. Moreover other people are not ready to take up that ideal. * *

Henceforth address my letters as above, which is to be my permanent seat from now.

Try to send me an English translation of the Yogavasistha Ramayana. * *

Don't forget those books I asked for before, viz., Sanskrit Narada and Sandilya Sutras.

"आशाहि परमं दुःखं नैतारये परमं खुखम्"—Hope is the greatest of miseries, the highest bliss lies in giving up hope.

Yours affectionately,

Vivekananda,

SECOND VISIT TO THE LORD'S FARM.

(REMINISCENCES.)

THE next Saturday, Henry and I went to the Lord's Farm again. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived, and Mnason had just come back from the field. He was taking the harness off the horses.

"So you have come again," he said, seeing us, "that is right, I am putting up the horses, go inside and help Blaudine get the supper ready. I will be with you in a minute."

"Alright Mnason," one of us replied, "but remember, many cooks spoil the broth."

"Oh, no fear," he said, "there will be no broth, ye know that. But we will have fresh cherries for supper. I have just picked them. Go inside now and talk to Blaudine. She will be awfully glad to see you."

"Hallo! Blaudine, here we are again to sample your vegetarian supper. How are you?"

"Well, I declare, if it is not Henry and Cornelius. Now that is nice, sit down. And where is Marion?"

By this time John had also come into the room. "Oh," he said, "Marion, I suppose got frightened. This is not a place for city folk, you know. We are not polished enough for them. I used to laugh seeing these fine ladies and gentlemen walk in the street like peacocks. Cornelius and Henry

also like fine dress, you see? And they cannot forget their city manners."

"Now, John, thou must not be so hard on them," said Blaudine. "They will soon forget these things. Oh, here comes Titus. See Titus, they have come again."

"But Marion got frightened," John said laughing. Titus smiled. "Oh, well," he said, "many come and go, John thou art witness to that, but few stay with us. Henry and Cornelius will also soon go back. They can stand it just for about two days and then they have to run back to the city. What dost thou say, Mnason?"

Mnason had just joined us. "Well," he said, "we do not invite people. Who comes is welcome and can stay as long as he likes. But this is a hard life, few there are who can endure it. They think they like to stay here, but after a while they get tired. They want excitement, theaters, fine dinners and good clothing. Many are called but few are chosen. Marion, said to me that she would like to live here. But I knew better, so I told her, 'nay, that is not true. If thee wanted to live here, thee wouldst not go back to the city.'"

"But Mnason," I said, "is not your hospitality often abused? Do not people take advantage of it?"

"Oh, well," he replied, "we do not care for that. Of course, many tramps used to come and lazy fellows who wanted to eat much and do little. But now they seldom come. Once such a lazy man came. Ye know, we all begin our work early in the morning. But this man would stay in bed till breakfast time. Then he would come down, take breakfast with us and loaf about. So it went on for a few days. We did not say any thing. But one morning he was late even for breakfast. So I took his breakfast up to his room and said: 'Friend, here is thine breakfast. Stay in bed and I shall bring thee dinner and supper in time.' He kept silent, but after breakfast he disappeared and we never saw him again.

"We get all kind of people here. Some are good, but in time they go. They cannot give themselves entirely to God. They still have some worldly desires and they want to go back to the flesh pot. One man stayed with us for a long time. We all liked him. He did not do any work, he only sat around and read his Bible. But he was not happy. We did not say anything, for we knew that he was sincere. But seeing him so morose, one day, I said: 'Friend, wouldest thee not be happier doing a little work?' He said: 'The Lord told me not to do any work.' 'Amen,' I said, 'do as the Lord tells thee.' Then, one day, he said that he did not feel the Lord's presence. I told him, that is because thee putst all thy faith in that book. Thou hast read enough. Now throw away thine Bible and speak to God.

"He felt a little offended, but he loved us, so he stayed for a long time. Even now he comes at times and then goes away again. But he cannot give up his Bible. He has more faith in that book than in God."

"Oh, Mnason, you were going to tell us last time of how you first heard the Voice of God. We had not time then. Do tell us now."

"Yea, it is many years ago," he said, "but I remember it well. I was a young fellow, enjoying myself and caring little for religion. One evening I was walking in the street in New York city, when I passed by a church. The service was going on and through the open doors I saw a large gathering of people. But I was not in the habit of going to church and I certainly had no intention or desire to go that evening. But while I was

passing the church, I heard a voice saying: 'Go to church.' I looked around but did not see any one. I walked on and again I heard: 'Go to church.' I looked around but there was no one in sight. I thought, that is strange. I rubbed my ears and thought it was imagination. But again the Voice spoke and kept on saying: 'Go to church.' It did not stop. I became a little puzzled and annoyed and said: 'Oh, keep silent.' But the Voice kept repeating: 'Go to church.' Then I thought, this is strange indeed. 'Well,' I said, 'if you keep quiet now, I will go to church to-morrow.' At once the Voice kept silent. The next day this came to my mind. Evening came, but I felt no inclination to go to church. However, I was in the habit of always keeping my promises, so I thought, whatever that Voice may have been, I promised to go to church, so let me go once. And I went. The next day the Voice told me again to go to church. I went. And so it went on for three or four days.

"By this time my friends had noticed that I was going to church and they began to tease me. Then one said, 'you go to church, but I bet you have not the courage to go to the front when the minister calls.' In that church the minister, after the sermon, used to invite those who wanted his help, to step to the front and he and his deacons would talk and pray with them. Well, I accepted the bet, as I did not like to be daunted by them. But when I went to the front of the church and knelt down I suddenly swooned away and I had a terrible vision of hell. I saw a pool of fire and I saw people, some my friends, being thrown into that pool. I became thoroughly frightened and the vision remained with me for days. Then I said: 'Lord, is it thine Voice that spoke to me and is that what sinners come to? Then speak to me again and I shall henceforth always obey Thee.' And from that time on, the Voice has never entirely left me. Sometimes it has been a very strict master, but I always obeyed, no matter how difficult it was.

"In the beginning I was sometimes ashamed to do the things it told me to do. I thought, 'what will people say?' But then I reasoned, 'Whom shall I serve the people or God? I cannot please both. Then let me please the Lord.' And now I have done away with shame. You see, I have lost

my reputation. People call me a fool. But it feels very free and easy not to have to think of one's reputation." And Mnason laughed. "But truly," he went on, "we cannot cling to name and fame and all these things and at the same time serve God. All that has to go. We must die to our likes and dislikes if we want to walk in the path of obedience. It is a life of war and rumors of war. But it is a grand life. I would not exchange it for all the wealth and power of the world. It is the sweetest life, to love God. It takes away all worry and anxiety. Cornelius, *it is the only life worth living, believe me.*"

"Yes, Mnason," I said, "I believe it. But it is so difficult." "Yes, my boy," he said, "it may be difficult but try a little now and then. Gradually it will become easy. I never found it very hard. I used to lose myself entirely in God. I would forget everything and spend whole days and nights with Him. I would constantly feel His presence. And now it is so easy for me. You see:

"I sought Him by night and I sought Him by day.
I died in His love and all self passed away."

and he sang :

"Opened wide, opened wide,
Are my arms, my Love, to Thee,
Opened wide, outstretched forever,
Rest in them my own fair Bride."

"When I began to go to church regularly, the minister and others began to notice me. They talked to me and asked me many questions. Then I thought: 'What is this? I want God, I do not want people. If God is true then I must speak to Him direct and He must answer me. I do not want to go to Him through people.' So I said: 'Lord, I have promised to obey Thee, if Thou wilt speak to me. I shall not go to these people any more. They only confound me. I want to learn from Thee, I want no other teacher but Thee.' Then I kept silent and listened for an answer. I did not hear anything, but I felt God's presence brooding over me and enfold me and I became so happy, that I began to dance with joy. 'Blessed Lord,' I said, 'I am Thine forever. Keep me always close to Thee.' And that he has done." And Mnason sang :

"Mine, mine, Thou art mine,
My only one, my fair One
I know Thou art mine!"

"But sometimes," he continued, "the evil one came after me. Then I was in a terrible condition. I felt as if a heavy weight was pressing all over my body. I could hardly breathe and I would feel so exhausted that I had to throw myself on my bed. There I would lie sometimes for hours and perspiration would come from every pore of my body. It would run down on the bed in such profusion that it would wet the floor. I had never seen or heard of such a thing before. Sometimes I saw terrible creatures who threatened to kill me. Once a gigantic horse-like creature came through the wall into my room. 'I will trample thee to death,' it said. 'Praise the Lord,' I shouted. And then the creature vanished as it had come.

"Once, in such a state, I felt as if some one was standing at the head of my bed. I looked up and saw two black men with red faces. One was pointing towards me and then said to the other: 'It is no use trying. We cannot touch him. He is iron clad.' I said: 'The Lord is my shield, be gone, ye devils.' Then they dissolved into a mist and disappeared. It was terrible. But after that I felt great peace.

"Another day I saw many little devils in my room. I said: 'Lord, what is this? Praised be thine name.' And as I spoke, the creatures vanished. Then I had beautiful visions of saints and angels. That was a great comfort to me. And sometimes I felt such power flow through me that I felt as if I could move mountains."

"Did you never speak to other people about your experiences, Mnason?" one of us asked.

"Yea," he said, "I did in the beginning. I had never heard or read of such visions in my life and I did not always know what to make of them. Then I would go to religious people and tell them what I had experienced. Some kept silent but looked suspicious. Others told me that it was my imagination. Others again warned me and said: 'These things are of the devil.' 'Yea,' I said, 'but how about the other visions of Jesus and the saints?' 'That is the devil in disguise,' they answered. I knew that was not true. I could find no help or sympathy anywhere. So I did not tell any one for a long time. I used to speak to the Lord and say: 'Father, I get confused speaking to these church people. Unless Thou speak to me, I do not know what to do.' Then the

Lord would console me and speak to me in such a sweet manner, that I thought: 'What a fool I have been to go to people first instead of going to the Father at once.'

"In later years I met a very good man and I told him some of my visions. He said: 'Mnason, I do not know much about these things, but I have read something in books about it. I shall give you a book where you will find something like that.' It was the Life of Madame Guyon. You see, I never read much. Only sometimes I would read the Bible, but not often. In Madame Guyon's Life I found experiences similar to my own. We all like the book. But I never was very good at reading.*

Later in the day I asked whether they read the newspapers. "Nay," Mnason replied, "we do not read the papers. But many people come here and they like to talk of worldly things, so we hear a good deal of what is going on. Sometimes they bring us a paper with an article about us. The other day a man came here and he showed us such a paper. There was a long article about us and some pictures. In one picture some men and women (it was said to be at the Lord's Farm) were sitting around a table. On the table was flesh and wine and many things. One man was dancing on the table with a glass of wine in his hand. It was so funny, we had to laugh."

"But, Mnason, how can they write such lies about you? You do not even use tea or coffee, what to speak of wine!"

"Oh well," he said, "sometimes a reporter has nothing to write; then he comes here and going back he invents a story that he thinks the public will like. We are their last resource. The poor fellows have to make a living. And we do not mind."

"Mnason, what kind of things did the Voice tell you to do?"

* Had Mnason been acquainted with the writings of Western saints, he would have known that his visions and realisations, though rare, were not quite unique, even in the West. See Evelyn Underhill's excellent work on Mysticism. It should also be remembered that there is much more religious toleration and understanding in the West now than there was in the days of which Mnason was speaking.

"Oh, it made me do so many things. Once I had to fast for a long time. I was not allowed to take any food. On the eighth day, when I was walking in the street, I passed by a house where a man was trying to lift a very heavy load. He could not manage it. The Lord said: 'Mnason, take that load and carry it for him.' I went to the man and said: 'Let me take it.' 'No,' he said, 'give me a lift, it is too heavy for one man.' I said: 'Nay, I will take it.' And I took it and carried it up a flight of stairs, where he wanted it. He said: 'You certainly are a strong man.' I replied: 'The Lord is my strength.' Then I went on my way. But I was surprised how I could carry such a heavy load after eight days fasting. After that I was allowed to take food."

"How did it feel to fast so long?"

"The first few days I was very hungry. But after that I did not feel hungry any more. I lost the desire for food. When I was allowed to take food again, I took it with some repugnance. But I felt alright after it."

"Sometimes I worked and got some money. At other times, the Voice told me not to do any work. Then my money would be spent and I had no place where to go. In the daytime I would go to some Park and during the cold nights I would walk to keep warm."

"Once, when I was not allowed to work, I sat in a Park. I had two dollars in my pocket. That was all I had. On a bench opposite me, sat a poor woman with a baby. The baby had hardly any clothing on and it was cold. Then the Voice said: 'Go to that woman and buy clothing for the child.' I went to the woman and asked her to come with me to buy clothing for the baby. She followed me and I bought a little frock and socks for the baby. The price was just two dollars. I had nothing left to buy food with or to pay for night lodging. So when evening came I began to walk to get warm. While I was walking in the street, a stranger called me. 'Take this,' he said. I took it. It was a dollar bill. I bought food and paid for shelter in a cheap hotel."

"Now, friends," Mnason said, "it is getting late. Go to bed. Take the same room ye had before. There is no washstand, but ye know where the pump is. And Blaudine will give ye towels. Not like city-life, is it?" And we all laughed.

The next day we helped a little in the sorting of fruit. Henry had a talk with Titus. "Don't you observe the Sunday?" he asked. "Well, we have to observe it to some extent," Titus replied. "The law of the State forbids all but the necessary work. We cannot work in the field on Sundays. Then we would be arrested. But we usually do some indoor work."

"Do you have no meetings or classes?"

"No, the Lord is with us always and we do not follow any set rules or rites. John sometimes goes out preaching on Sundays. But there is nothing of the kind here. We try to commune with God always, even during our heaviest work."

"Do you not meditate regularly?"

"You see, our life is a constant state of communion, so we do not set apart any special hour to meet God. We talk to Him and He talks to us as we go along. But when the Spirit moves us, we keep quiet."

"How do you divide the work?"

"The work divides itself. We all know what has to be done and we do it. There is no bossing here. We usually tell each other what we are going to do. And gradually each one has found his own work. Mnason does most of the marketing. I look after the fruit trees, John bakes and helps Blaudine. And we always help each other without being asked. When strangers come we never ask them to do any work. But most always they are glad to put their hands to something. We like to work and it is never a burden to us.—Nay, Cornelius, not there" (I had used a small tool and put it in the wrong place). We have a place for everything and we keep everything in its place. That saves much time and confusion where many live together."

"Do you get good prices for your fruit?"

"Yes, we usually get the highest market prices. Our fruit is first class, most of it and people know that we do not cheat them. So they usually pay what we ask. It is almost a custom to top off the baskets with the best fruit. But our baskets run the same all the way through. So who buys from us once, likes to buy from us again."

"Then you can always sell what you take to the market?"

"Almost always. But if a few baskets are left, we take them to the poor quarters and sell them

for a low price. And we have many poor friends."

"Did you call this place the Lord's Farm, from the beginning?"

"Nay. One night, during sleep, John saw a beautiful angel, with light wings, come up to the door. It wrote something and then flew away. And when John looked he saw the words, 'The Lord's Farm.' Then John woke up and the next morning he told us about it and then we called the place the Lord's Farm."

Mnason had come in and the conversation drifted on to marriage. "What do you think about marriage, Mnason?" "That is of the flesh," he replied. "We are wedded to Christ, the Spirit, which is the Bride. Marriage is not for those who walk according to the Spirit. Titus once thought of marrying but after he met me he gave up the idea. And now he would not marry for anything. Purity is very necessary. A carnal man can not know the Spirit."

"What do you think about cremation?"

"What does it matter what they do with the body when the Spirit is gone? It is a dead mass and the sooner it is disposed of the better. As for myself, they may throw this body wherever they like. There is too much of body-worship. When the spirit leaves, it becomes a stinking mass. But people keep it in their homes and put flowers over it. They seem to think that somehow or other the spirit goes with it in the grave."

"Do you love flowers, Mnason?"

"Yes, I love flowers, therefore I leave them alone. The Lord has given them their own lives and I do not like to disturb them. What right have we to pick flowers for our selfish ends, to satisfy the senses? It is strange, people say they love flowers and then they cut short their lives by picking them."

And so the talk went on. Then we all went in the house for dinner. But before we sat down, I asked Blaudine a question. She answered it as she went about her work. "Blaudine," I asked, "does the Voice direct you in ordinary affairs too, or only in spiritual matters? Suppose you have to make an important decision, and you do not know what to do, do you get definite directions?"

"Most always I get a definite answer," she replied, "but sometimes it seems that the Lord wants me to decide for myself. In that case, if

the way is not clear, I choose the most difficult path, the path that would least appeal to my natural inclinations. For then I know that I do not act to please myself. Our desires are so treacherous, they sometimes deceive us. So by taking the path least pleasing to myself, I feel that even should I make a mistake, the Lord will not be offended with me. We must kill the old creature in us and never feed it by pleasing it. When the old man is gone, then the Lord comes. The two can not live in one body. The old man must die. We can not serve God and the flesh. Our conscience has become so very tender now, that we can not deviate from the path of righteousness even a little bit, without painful consequences. The Lord wants to possess us altogether, not part of us only. And we gladly give ourselves to Him and He gives himself to us. And that keeps us very happy."

After dinner I hazarded a serious question. It was directed to Mnason. "Mnason," I said, "how do you know that the Voice you speak of is really the Voice of God?" I had spoken rather glibly, but I had stepped on sacred ground. A grave look came over Mnason's face and for some time he remained silent. Usually his answers came with lightning quickness. This time, he looked at me intently. Then he spoke, slowly and deliberately: "Cornelius," he said, "thee hast asked of hidden things. Hast thee a doubt?" He paused a moment. Then,—"Who shall hear these things and believe them? In this temple (pointing to his body) the Word dwells. Here dwells the Christ, the Son of the Eternal Father." Then he was silent and he seemed very thoughtful.

Afterwards the talk took a lighter turn and there was some singing. And then our week-end was drawing to an end again and we had to think of going back to New York and the busy life that awaited us there. But I was loath to leave these good people. In parting I said: "Friends, I shall come again and I hope the day is not far off when I shall join you."

There came a look of wonderful tenderness in Mnason's face. "Cornelius," he said, "I cannot ask thee to join us, for thou hast much to renounce and this is no easy life. But thou knowest that the gate is always open for thee and what is ours is thine. And my strong arm will always support thee."

We hastened away, but the spirit of the place abided with us. And it grew stronger as the days went on. And later, the day came that, for some time, I also could be counted among the members of the Lord's Farm.

I loved the people for they were cheerful, fearless, generous and loving. I admired their purity and true spirit of renunciation. And I looked upon them as children of God,—in the world but not of it.

I would mention that before I joined the farm, I had visited there many times. And it is very possible that I have crowded into these two articles more than what was actually discussed during these two visits. Part of it may have occurred during subsequent visits. My object is not to be accurate about the order of events but to give, in as small a space as possible, a general picture of the people, as I remember them.

GURUDASA.

VIVEKACHUDAMANI
(Continued from page 190.)

अथ ते संप्रवद्यामि खर्षणं परमात्मनः ।
यद्विज्ञाय नरो बन्धान्मुक्तः कैवल्यमशुते ॥१२४॥
124. Now I am going to tell thee of the real nature of the Paramatman, realising which man is freed from bondage and attains liberation.

[Liberation: 'Kaivalya' literally means extreme aloofness.]

अस्ति कश्चित्स्वयं नित्यमहंप्रत्ययलम्बनः ।
अवस्थात्रयसाक्षी सन्पञ्चकोशविलक्षणः ॥१२५॥
125. There is some Absolute Entity, the eternal substratum of the perception of Egoism, the witness of three states, and distinct from the five sheaths or coverings.

[Five sheaths &c.—Consisting respectively of Anna (matter), Prâna (force), Mana (mind), Vijnâna (knowledge) and Ananda (Bliss). The first two comprise this body of ours, the third and fourth make up the subtle body (Sukshma Sarira) and the last the causal body (Kârana Sarira). The Atman referred to in this Sloka is beyond them all. These Kosas will be dealt with later on in the book.]

योविजानाति सकलं जाग्रत्स्वप्नसुपुस्तिपु ।
तुद्वितद्वृत्तिसद्वावमभावमहमित्ययम् ॥१२६॥

126. Who knows everything that happens in the waking state, in dream and in profound sleep, is aware of the presence or absence of the mind and its functions, and is the background of the notion, 'Here I am.'

[This Sloka gives the purport of such Sruti passages as Kena Up. I, 6, and Bri. III. iv. 2.]

यः पश्यति स्वयं सर्वं यज्ञ पश्यति कश्चन ।
यद्वेतयति द्वुद्व्यादि न तद्यं चेतयत्ययम् ॥१२७॥

127. Who Himself sees all, whom no one beholds, who illuminates the Buddhi etc., but whom they cannot illumine.—This is He.

येन विश्वमिदं व्याप्तं यज्ञ व्याप्तोति किञ्चन ।
आभारूपमिदं सर्वं यं भान्तमनुभात्ययम् ॥१२८॥

128. By whom this universe is pervaded, whom nothing pervades, who shining all this (universe) shines as His reflection.—This is He.

[By whom etc.—Compare Chhândogya III. xi. 6, and Gita x. 42.]

Who shining etc.—A reproduction of the sense of the celebrated verse occurring in Katha Upa. II. V. 15, Mundaka II. ii. 10, and Swetasvatara vi. 14.]

यस्य सच्चिदिमात्रेण देहेन्द्रियमनोधियः ।
विषयेषु स्वकीयेषु वर्तन्ते प्रेरिताइव ॥१२९॥

129. By whose very presence the body, the organs, mind and intellect keep to their respective spheres of action, like servants!

अहङ्कारादिदेहान्ताविषयात्म सुखादयः ।
वेद्यन्ते घटवद् येन नित्यवोधस्वरूपिणा ॥१३०॥

130. By whom everything from Egoism down to the body, the sense-objects and pleasure etc. is known as palpably as a jar,—for He is the essence of Eternal Knowledge !

[Compare Bri. IV. iii. 23.]

एषोऽन्तरात्मा पुरुषः पुराणो-
निरन्तरात्मारुद्धारुभूतिः ।
सदैकरूपः प्रतिवोधमात्रो-
येनेविता वागसवश्चरन्ति ॥१३१॥

131. This is the innermost Self, the primeval Purusha (Being), whose essence is the constant realisation of infinite Bliss, who is ever the same, yet reflecting through the different mental modifications, and commanded by whom the organs and Pranas perform their functions.

[Innermost Self.—Vide Bri. III. 4 and elsewhere.
Reflecting etc.—Compare Kena II. 12.]

Commanded by whom &c.—See the opening Sloka of the same Upanishad and the reply given to it later on.]

अत्रैव सत्त्वात्मनि धीशुहाया-
मव्याकृताकाशात्तप्रकाशः ।
आकाशाद्वैरविवत्प्रकाशते
स्वतेजसा विश्वमिदं प्रकाशयन् ॥१३२॥

132. In this very body, in the mind full of Sattva, in the secret chamber of the intellect, in the Ákâsa known as the Unmanifested, the Atman, of charming splendour, shines like the sun aloft, manifesting this universe through its own effulgence.

[This Sloka gives the hint where to look in for the Atman. First of all there is the gross body; within this there is the mind or "inner organ," of which Buddhi or intelligence, characterised by determination, is the most developed form; within Buddhi again, pervading it, is the causal

body known as the Unmanifested. We must seek the Atman inside this. The idea is that Atman transcends all the three bodies—in fact the whole sphere of duality and materiality. The word 'Akasa' often occurs in the Sruti in the sense of Atman or Brahman. The Vedanta Sutras (I. i. 22) discuss this question and decide in favour of this meaning.]

ज्ञाता मनोऽहंकृतिविक्रियाणां

देहेन्द्रियप्राणाकृतक्रियाणाम् ।

अयोग्निवत्ताननुवर्तमानो-

न चेष्टते नो विकरोति किञ्चन ॥१३३॥

133. —The knower of the modifications of mind and egoism, and of the activities of the body, the organs, and Pranas, apparently taking their forms, like the fire in a ball of iron; it neither acts nor is subject to change in the least.

[*Like the fire.....iron*—Just as fire has no form of its own, but seems to take on the form of the iron ball which it turns red-hot, so the Atman though without form seems to appear as Buddhi and so forth.

Compare Katha II. ii. 9.]

न जायते नो नियते न वर्द्धते

न क्षीयते नो विकरोति नित्यः ।

विलीयमानेषि वपुष्यमुष्मि-

न्नलीयते कुम्भइवाम्बरः स्वयम् ॥१३४॥

134. It is neither born nor dies, it neither grows nor decays, nor does it undergo any change, being eternal. It does not cease to exist even when this body is destroyed, like the sky in a jar (after it is broken), for it is independent.

[This Sloka refers to the six states enumerated by Yaska, which overtake every being, such as birth, existence etc. The Atman is above all change.]

प्रकृतिविकृतिभिन्नः शुद्धवोधस्वभावः

सदसदिदमरेष्यं भासयन्निर्विशेषः ।

विकसति परमात्मा जाग्रदादिष्ववस्था-

स्वहमहमिति साक्षात्साक्षिकृपेण त्रुद्धेः ॥१३५॥

135. The Supreme Self, different from the Prakriti and its modifications, of the essence of Pure Knowledge, and Absolute, directly manifests this entire gross and subtle universe, in the waking and other states, as the substratum of the persistent sense of egoism and manifests Himself as the Witness of Buddhi, the determinative faculty.

[*Prakriti*—the Mother of the entire manifested universe.

Gross and subtle universe—the world of matter and thought.

The Witness of Buddhi—all actions that we seem to be doing are really done by Buddhi, while the Self ever stands aloof, the only Absolute Entity.]

नियमितमनसामुं त्वं स्वमात्मानमात्म-

न्यमहमिति साक्षाद्विद्धि बुद्धिप्रसादात् ।

जनिमरणातरंगापारसंसारसिन्धुं

प्रतर भव कृतार्थो ब्रह्मरूपेण संस्थः ॥१३६॥

136. By means of a regulated mind and the purified intellect (Buddhi) realise thou directly, thy own Self, in the body, so as to identify thyself with Him, cross the boundless ocean of Samsara whose waves are birth and death, and firmly established in Brahman as thy own essence be blessed.

[*Identity.....Him*—instead of with the gross, subtle and causal bodies.

Established.....nature.—By our very nature we are ever identified with Brahman, but through ignorance we think we are limited and so forth.]

अत्रानात्मन्यहमिति मर्तिर्बन्ध एषोऽस्य पुंसः

प्राप्तोऽज्ञानाज्ञनमरणाङ्गेशसंपातहेतुः ।

यैनैवायं वपुरिदमसत्सत्यमित्यात्मबुद्ध्या

पुष्यत्युक्त्यवति विषयैस्तनुभिः कोशकृदत् ॥१३७॥

137. Identifying the Self with this Non-self—this is the bondage of man, which is due to his ignorance, and brings in its train the miseries of birth and death. It

is through this that one considers this evanescent body as real, and identifying oneself with it, nourishes, bathes, and preserves it by means of (agreeable) sense-objects, by which latter he becomes bound as the caterpillar by the threads of his cocoon.

[*Bathes*—keeps it clean and tidy.]

Sense-objects &c.—He runs after sense-pleasures thinking that will conduce to the well-being of the body, but these in turn throw him into a terrible bondage, and he has to abjure them wholly to attain his freedom, as the caterpillar has to cut through his cocoon.]

भृतस्यस्तद्वृद्धिः प्रभवति विमूढस्य तमसा
विवेकाभावाद्वै स्फुरति भुजगे रज्जुधिपणा।
ततोऽन्तर्यामातो निष्पत्ति समादातुरधिक-
स्ततो योऽसद्ग्राहः स हि भवति वन्धः शृणु
सखे ॥१३॥

138. One who is overpowered by ignorance mistakes a thing for what it is not: It is the absence of discrimination that causes one to mistake a snake for a rope and great dangers overtake him when he seizes it through that wrong notion. Hence, listen, my friend, it is the mistaking of transitory things as real that constitutes bondage.

[*Discrimination*—between what is real (viz. the Self) and what is not real (viz. the phenomenal world.)]

अस्त्रहडनित्याद्यवोधरक्त्या
स्फुरन्तमात्मानमनन्तवैभवम्।
समावृणोत्याद्यतिरक्तिरेषा
तप्तोमयी राहुरिवार्द्धविम्बम् ॥१३६॥

139. This veiling power (*Avriti*), which preponderates in ignorance, covers the Self, whose glories are infinite and who manifests Himself through the power of knowledge, indivisible, eternal, and one without a second,—as Râhu does the orb of the sun.

[*As Râhu &c.*—The reference is to the solar eclipse. In Indian mythology the sun is supposed to be periodically overpowered by a demon named Râhu.]

तिरोभूते स्वात्मन्यमबतरतेजोवति पुमा-
ननात्मानं मोहादहमिति शरीरं कलयति।
ततः कासक्रोधप्रभृतिभिरसुं वन्धनगुणैः-

परं विक्षेपारूप्या रजस उरुशक्तिर्घर्थयति ॥१४०॥

140. When one's own Self, endowed with the purest splendour, is hidden from view, a man through ignorance falsely identifies himself with this body, which is non-self. And then the great power of Rajas called *Vikshepa*, the projecting power sorely afflicts him through the binding fetters of lust, anger etc.

[*Projecting power*—See note on Sloka 111.]

महामोहग्राहत्रसनगलितात्मावगमनो
धियो नानावस्थां स्वयमभिनयंस्तद्गुणतया।
अपारे संसारे विषयविषपूरे जलानिधौ
निमज्ज्योन्मज्ज्यायं भ्रमति कुमतिः कुत्सित-
गतिः ॥१४१॥

141. The man of perverted intellect, having his self-knowledge swallowed up by the shark of utter ignorance, himself imitates the various states of the Intellect (Buddhi) as that is its superimposed attitude—and drifts up and down in this boundless ocean of Samsâra full of the poison of sense-enjoyment, now sinking, now rising,—a miserable fate indeed!

[*Himself imitates &c.*—The Self is the real nature of every being, but a mistaken identification with the Buddhi causes him to appear as if he were active. See note on Sloka 135.]

Samsâra—the entire relative existence.

Up and down: sinking and rising.—Acquiring different bodies such as the angelic or the animal, according to the good and bad deeds performed, and enjoying or suffering therein.]

(To be continued.)

SWAMI PREMANANDA: IN MEMORIAM.

GREAT are the laurels which wreath the memory of mighty men of action, glorious the crown of glory which mitres the head of great politicians and reformers who bring about wonderful changes in the material order of our world; but glory of a kind different by far radiates from the "children of Spirit," "the offspring of Light," who born of Divine consciousness live their days in the light spiritual, and when their work is finished are embraced again in the lap of the Divine which they bodied forth. Their lives may not exhibit much stirring external activity, there is not much of the spectacular about them and men of the world pass them by. But if a Fate once brings one within the circle of their influence, the fascination, the indefinable magic of their loving, pure, Personality, suggestive of things one had never dreamt before, grows on one and he feels the wonderful transformation. As rays of light from their personality play upon our lives, we feel the slow mutation, the animal man is shed and the divine takes its place, and life which previously had no meaning becomes instinct with high purpose and significance; they are really the Fathers of humanity who give us birth in a new world; they are the slow "transmuters of the earthly into the Divine;" the animal man into the God-man.

The subject of our sketch, Swami Premananda was one of intense self-realisation and great spiritual power and love. He was born with such pure and Divine *Samskaras* that even as a boy, his boyish imagination used to picture before his mind's eye that if he could have a *Sadhu* as a companion and build a little hut in a secluded spot on the banks of the Ganges and there be a *Sannyasin* himself and live his days meditating and communing with God, it would be his *acme*

of happiness; and he was surprised when he awoke in his youth to find that a benevolent fate had brought him to the temple-garden of Dakshineswar with its grove of *Panchavati* and sitting in the midst of it, the paragon of *Sannyasins*, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa. At their first meeting the Master recognised the innate spirituality of his nature, and examining him for a while said, "You are my own." The first meeting sealed their love and the subsequent unfoldment of the play of divine love between master and disciple thrills one in the reading; how he was tenderly sought after by the Master and the young devotee rendering at the feet of the Master all the passionate love, adoration and worship of his heart. At this fulfilment of the dream of his boyhood, all the noble impulses of his mind, his passionate love of God, purity and renunciation were inflamed, and ultimately he came to surrender himself completely at the feet of Sri Ramakrishna, who summed up in His personality, all that he could hope for, and aspire after in this life, his highest ideal made manifest. His spiritual life is closely related with that of his Master, Sri Ramakrishna like the penumbra and umbra of the same shadow and for the history of the spiritual unfoldment of that life we must turn to the life of the Master himself with which it is intimately interwoven.

Sri Ramakrishna held him very high in spiritual estimation. Of his disciples, whom he used to designate as "*Iswarkoti*," as born of the nature of God and come with a divine message as helpers in his *lilâ*, he assigned a place to Baburam, as that was his previous name. He used to say of him, "Verily he is without a blemish, without a taint of impurity." And in some exalted superconscious moods, when the Master would be

full of the spirit of God and his whole system flowing with the music of purity, so that he could not bear the approach of any person having the least touch of impurity, whose presence would grate on his nerves and give him agonies of pain; of the persons who could touch him then, and whose presence he could bear, he was one. He sat at the feet of the Master till his passing away listening to and realising in himself the wonderful words that fell from his lips.

After the passing away of Sri Ramakrishna he with Swami Vivekananda and his brother-disciples took Sannyas, and since then sometimes at the *Math*, sometimes at Benares or Brindaban, he stayed absorbed in religious practices. When Swami Vivekananda returned to India from the West, and sent the late Swami Ramakrishnananda to take charge of the Mission Centre at Madras, since then he took charge of the worship of Sri Ramakrishna and passed most of his time at the Belur Math, and set himself to teaching, educating and moulding the religious lives of the Brahmacharins who gathered round him. He gave himself unstintedly in the service of all who came to the Math in the name of God. His love and care for the *bhakta*s (devotees) who came to the Math was phenomenal, and he would go to any length of sacrifice to be of the least service to them. At whatever hour of the day they would come to the Math, he would serve them with great love, sometimes even cooking food for them, feed them, listen to their tales of sorrow and joy, and speak to them words of wisdom and about the life and teachings of Sri Ramakrishna. An all-consuming love which sought to prove itself in the love and service of all seemed to be the burning passion of his life. He was the life and soul of those movements of relief undertaken by the Ramakrishna Mission during the periods of devastating flood and famine which swept over Bengal in the Burdwan floods of 1913 and the famine of 1915. By

his burning words of encouragement, and exhortation, by his high enthusiasm in service, the workers were sent to render succour and aid in the distressed areas which drew forth such unstinted praise from the public and the government. Again when the call came from outlying parts of Bengal to spread the message and teachings of his Master, he responded to the call whole-heartedly and travelled over different districts of Eastern Bengal spreading the message of his Master. Wherever he went, by his love, his saintliness, the wonderful magic of his personality he won a mighty empire over the hearts of the people, both Hindus and Mahomedans, who were all attracted towards him and loved him as their own; and whenever he would leave a place, large crowds of people would follow him, weeping and shedding tears at his departure. The illiterate Mahomedan peasant of East Bengal, the slave of the love of this Hindu Sannyasin was a wonderful sight and did the heart good to see or reflect. Verily he was Premananda, bliss in love; he was Bliss; he was Love. "The love of the beloved Lord, and self-dedication to the work of the Beloved" was the only worship and ideal of this self-less Sannyasin.

Little could we express or give an idea of the *vastness* of the transcendental love which swayed him; it is so unlike anything we know in this world, it is so purifying and ennobling. Who knows what visions were vouchsafed to his pure eyes and hid from our more mortal gaze which constituted the motor-power of his all-devouring love? Was it the perception of what we read in the Scriptures: एवं सर्वेषु भूतेषु भक्तिर्ब्यभिचारिणी । कर्त्तव्या परिदृतैर्जीव्या सर्वभूतमयं इरिम् । "Knowing that Hari, the Lord is in every being, the wise have thus to manifest unswerving love towards all beings." Was it the perception of the Love which he had seen embodied in Dakshineswar, as manifested in the whole world in all beings and things which impelled him to such passionate and self-immolating love and

service? Whatever the explanation, any one who had the privilege of knowing him has tasted the incomparable bliss of his heavenly love. He let us have a glimpse of the depths of his being when he wrote casually towards the end of his life to one: "I feel a desire now to love everybody—this is a disease which has now possessed me." Surpassing the monk, the *jnani*, the *tyagi*, in him it was his mother-like heart that was always awake and impressed everybody who came near him. He was as it were the Mother presiding over the monastery of Sri Ramakrishna. The transcendent love of God, the Author of our being, is incomprehensible to feeble human intellect; but the Sages say that It manifests Itself in the pure receptacle of some human beings; verily in our relationship with such men do we taste the heavenly bliss of Divine love and aspire to be united

to the Great Love which gave us being.

Swami Premananda ended the crowning sacrifice of his life, by the sacrifice of his body. In the labour of love of preaching the message of Sri Ramakrishna in parts of East Bengal, he threw to the winds all considerations of his bodily health and his comfort and convenience and prosecuted it relentless of the consequences to his body. In visiting malaria-infested places, he was attacked with the fell disease of the *kala-azar*, from which he suffered long for over a year, to which at last his body succumbed on July 30th, 1918. It is a genuine holocaust of life's all, of mind and body, at the altar of God.

We stand with unutterable feelings of awe and reverence before his Samadhi and place on it reverently this garland of loving and grateful memory.



AN APPEAL:

CLOTH-DISTRESS IN BENGAL.

OWING to the shortage of cloth in the Indian market due to the curtailment and almost stoppage of the import of cloth from England on account of the war, the prices of cloth have gone up tremendously; and if the war continues still longer the prices will go on increasing. The poorer classes in Bengal have felt the pinch greatly; already the increase in price of the other necessities of life due to war had been a tax on their small income; and with the prevailing high prices of cloth they are finding it difficult to make ends meet and are reduced to an extremity for want of cloth. Distress for want of cloth has taken an acute form with the poorer and middle classes of Bengal. On account of the shortage of cloth, many are clothing themselves with old clothes and cast-away garments and other temporary

improvisations. In some instances it has so happened that members of families, poor but respectable, have from sheer shame and desperation, unable to rescue themselves from this condition, ended their lives by suicide. Robbing people of cloth if found alone in the streets has also occurred. The condition of some poorer families have been reduced to such straits, that they have a limited number of good and decent clothes which the male members share among themselves while going out on business. The condition of the women in the poorer cases is still more pitiable; they dress in worn and tattered garments and remain inside always, for shame of meeting any man in that dress. Such news is reaching our ears and finding its way in the papers. The public is perhaps already aware of that.

The Ramakrishna mission has undertaken to relieve the miserable condition of the poorer classes of Bengal, depending on the charity and help of the generous public. To serve the poor and the distressed irrespective of caste and race has been the religion of the people of India. Will they now heed the cry of their poor countrymen and come forward to their help?

Already, through the kindness and generosity of Binjaraj Hukumchand, a Marwari gentlemen, 170 pairs of new cloths have been placed at the disposal of the Ramakrishna Mission, who have started distributing them over different parts of Bengal and opened centres of distribution at different places.

The Secretary of the Ramakrishna Mission therefore appeals to the kind and generous public to come promptly to the help of the poor in this time of dire distress. Any help, either in the shape of money, or of new and old clothes will be useful and accepted. Whatever help any one proffers will be thankfully received and acknowledged by—

- (1) The Secretary, Ramakrishna Mission,
No. 1 Mukherjee's Lane, Baghbazar,
Calcutta.
- (2) President, Ramakrishna Mission,
Belur Math, Howrah, Bengal.

NEWS AND NOTES.

SWAMI Abhedananda, lecturer on Vedanta, of Los Angeles, California, attended the sittings of the thirty-first annual convention of the Connecticut State Spiritualist Association in May, 1918 and lectured on the subjects: "Spiritual Needs of To-day" and "What is there Beyond the Grave?"

The report of the R. K. Mission Sevashrama, Brindaban, for the month of June 1918, shows:—

Indoor patients:—There were 10 old cases and 11 newly admitted, of which 12 were discharged cured, 1 died and 8 are still under treatment.

Outdoor patients:—There were 3284 cases of which 630 were new and 2654 were their repeated numbers.

Summary of accounts:—

Receipts, Subscriptions	Rs. ...	165-0-0
" Donations	" ...	37-0-0
" Miscellaneous	" ...	18-0-0

Total " ... 220-0-0

Expenditure Sevashrama Fund	... 212-12-0
" Building Fund	Rs. ... 297-6-3

Total Rs. ... 510-2-3

We have received the report of the Ramakrishna Mission Sevashrama, Kankhal for the month of June 1918:—

Indoor patients:—There were 7 old cases, and 28 newly admitted, 27 discharged cured, 2 died, and 6 are still under treatment.

Outdoor patients:—There were 2762 cases of which were 1231 new and 1531 repeated numbers.

Balance of last month	... Rs. 4982-1-3
Total Recpts	... Rs. 288-2-6

Total ... Rs. 5270-3-9

Total Disbursements ... Rs. 194-5-3

Balance in hand ... Rs. 5075-14-6

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipts of the following gifts in kind:—H. H. The Maharaja of Jaipur's Sadavrata, Atta 35 srs., Dál $5\frac{1}{2}$ srs., Ghee $2\frac{1}{2}$ srs., Sugar $2\frac{1}{2}$ srs.; Babu Ramlalach, Calcutta, Than cloth 2 pieces; Messrs. B. K. Paul & Co., Calcutta, Allopathic medicines worth Rs. 155-12-6; Messrs. Bhupchand & Sons, Ringale, 9 mds. of wheat worth Rs. 40.